drop scene almost unreal in its exquisite daintiness.

The snows are the background of course, but distant and sugary in their sweetness as in the setting of a toy scene or in the pretty landscape on a French bon-bon box, not near and grand and majestic as at Darjiling, where one becomes part of their life, rejoicing in their sparkling gladness under the bright sunbeams, shivering with them when the gloomy grey mist enshrouds them.

Then in the foreground the lovely colour scheme of the delicate cloud of pink peach blossom, palpitating on its brown leafless branches against the cobalt sky, making a fit frame for a fair woman's face and exquisite as a scene on a Watteau fan in its dainty painting, or again gladdening the sombre depths of a background of dark deodars standing sentinel-like on the khud. Never were rich green and pale pink in so daring and successful a contrast as in Nature's masterpiece, nowhere

else for the eye which can see them are
such banquets of delight. Even the bazaar,
scrambling up the hill side, has prettiness
if one looks for it in the rich browns and

yellows